My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.
Deſ. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place? aſſure thee,
If I doe vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it,
To the laſt Article: my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*
Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, ile take my leaue.
Deſ. Nay ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Deſ. Well, doe your diſcrenion. *Exit* Caſsio.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord or if,—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord?—no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord,
I haue been talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who's't you meane?
Deſ. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth.